



MRS. JOSEPH HARDMAN.

FAMILY GENEALOGY

OF THE

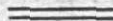
OLDEST BRANCHES OF FARMERS,
PARKERS, PEELS AND
HARDMANS.



LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO
THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF OUR BRANCH OF
THESE FOUR FAMILIES,
MARY MABEL
AND
RUTH ROSANTHA BARBER.



BY
M. C. F. HARDMAN.



Kansas City, Missouri:
HUDSON-KIMBERLY PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1897.

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My dear grandchildren, Mabel and Ruth:

It is with greatest pleasure I recall the several ancestral lines of yourselves and mother. The Parkers' and Peels' births and marriages were copied from the records of "Friends" monthly meeting, held at Rich Square, North Carolina; the Farmer record is found on a military roll at Savannah, Georgia; the Hardman genealogy from an ancient diary owned by your grandfather, Dr. Joseph Hardman. The Farmers, Parkers, and Peels originally emigrated from England and Wales; several of them are connected to branches of three of the oldest English families, as will be seen by the following genealogy; also several "coats of arms" have existed in the different families.

Dear children, while I speak of these facts that are well for you to know, yet they are not to be compared for one moment with the knowledge left you that many of your ancestry were active members, and many ministers of the gospel, in the Society of "Friends," as it was in ancient purity and goodness during the early days of our country, many of them leaving England to escape religious persecution, only to find it in the New World, yet, in the midst of all, holding fast to their faith and to the Golden Rule; serving God with pure hearts, made so by the precious gift of the Holy Spirit, which enabled them to go forward amid danger to do His will on earth, leaving the reward with God.

We are glad this happy Christmastide of 1897, near which joyful season you each celebrate your natal day, finds you both in possession of the rudiments of the virtues of your honorable early ancestry found on the following pages.

With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

From your loving grandmother,
Mary C. Hardman.

RECORD OF THE OLDEST PARKER ANCESTRY IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

Born, Sir Peter Parker, 1685, in England.

Born, Ruth Parker, 1720, came to America in 1760,
June.

Married, Jacob Parker and Thomas Farmer (two
husbands).

Born, Jacob Parker, Jr., 1742.

Married, Rhoda Draper, 1765. Their children are
as follows:

Born, Penina Parker, 1766.

Married, Wm. Flanner, 1787; had a large family.

Born, Isaac Parker, 1769; eight children.

Married, Sarah Peel, 1792.

Born, Abigail Parker, 1776; Professor Judkins
was her son.

Married, Wm. Judkins, 1799; children by two
wives.

Born, Joseph Parker, 1778; was married and had
one child.

Born, Jessie Parker, 1785.

Married, Anna Updegraph, 1848 (his second wife).

Born, George Parker, 1788; was married, with
family.

Records of birth, marriage and death of John Peel,
Sr., who was born and married in Nansemond County,

Virginia: His children were born in Northampton County, North Carolina, near Rich Square, where many of his late generations are living now.

Born, John Peel, Sr., 1729, Mabel and Ruth Barber's great-great-great-grandparent.

Married, Mary Nazworthy, 1754, Mabel and Ruth Barber's great-great-great grandparent.

Died in 1804. His wife died in 1802.

Births and marriages of John and Mary Peel's children:

—Born, Millicent Peel, 1755.

Married, Josiah Outland, 1770.

—Born, Edmund Peel, 1757.

Married, Lydia Winborn, 1780.

—Born, Isabel Peel, 1760.

Married, Job Parker, 1775.

—Born, Thomas Peel, 1764.

Married, Lydia Johnson, 1790.

—Born, Mary Peel, 1762.

—Born, Tempy Peel, 1767.

Married, Jonathan Patterson, 1795.

—Born, Martha Peel, 1769.

Married, Josiah Parker, 1792.

—Born, Sarah Peel, 1771, Mabel and Ruth Barber's great-great-grandparent.

Married, Isaac Parker, 1792, Mabel and Ruth Barber's great-great-grandparent.

—Born, John Peel, Jr., 1774.

Married, Benny Rutland, 1804.

Record of Farmer genealogy:

Born, John Farmer (second son of Earl of Glendower of Wales).

Married (name lost).

Born, William Farmer, Atlanta, Ga.

Married (name lost).

Born, William Farmer, Atlanta, Ga.

Married (name lost).

Born, John Farmer, Atlanta, Ga.

/ Married, Mary Taylor. Their children are as follows:

Born, William Farmer, 1800; died, 1858. Mabel and Ruth Barber's great-grandparent.

Married, Mary Parker, 1827; died, 1885. Mabel and Ruth Barber's great-grandparent.

Born, James Farmer, 1802; died, 1893.

Married, Meribah Butler.

Born, Rebecca Farmer; lived to be over 50 years old.

Married, James Penrose.

Born, Mary Farmer; lived to be 48 years of age.

Married, Dearman Williams.

Born, John Farmer; died at 23 years of age.

Born, Keturah Farmer; lived to be 85 years of age.

Married, John Moore.

Born, Ann Parker; lived to be 84 years of age.

Married, Wm. Parker.

Born, Rhoda Farmer; lived 77 years.

Married, Joseph Lacock.

General Thomas, grandfather of Hannah Bosserman Hardman and the great-great-great-grandfather of Mabel and Ruth Barber, served in the Revolutionary War, also in the War of 1812, and lived to be aged.

Records of Daniel Hardman and his wife (née

Hannah Bosserman), also the births, names, and marriages of their children (were of the Baptist faith):

Married, in Pennsylvania, Daniel Hardman and Hannah Bosserman, 1807.

Born, in Ohio, Susan Hardman; living at 91 years old; had twelve children.

Married, Samuel Hoffman.

Born, Nancy Hardman; died at 78 years of age; had seven children.

Married, Samuel Layman.

Born, Hannah Hardman; died at 42 years of age; left two children.

Married, Augustine Windle.

Born, Michael Hardman; died at 75 years of age; left two children.

Married, Charlotta ———.

Born, Simeon Hardman; died at 61 years of age; left one child.

Married, Mary ———.

Born, Elizabeth Hardman; living; has two children.

Married, George Walahan.

Born, Joseph Hardman; died at 65 years of age; left three children.

Married, Mary C. Farmer; Mabel and Ruth Barber's grandparent.

Born, Levi Hardman; died when 25 years old; not married.

Married, at New Lisbon, Ohio, on the 17th of July, Dr. Joseph Hardman to Mary C. Farmer.

Record of Joseph Hardman and wife's family, commencing with his parents, ending with his grandchildren, Mabel and Ruth Barber:

Born, Daniel Hardman, 1785.
Married, Hannah Bosserman, 1807.
Born, Joseph Hardman, 1824, Columbiana, Ohio.
Married, Mary C. Farmer, 1851.
Born, Ida Hardman, Canton, Ohio.
Died, Ida Hardman, 1853.
Born, Eva D. Hardman, Canton, Ohio.
Married, Samuel Morehouse, 1874.
Born, Grace E. Morehouse, Nebraska City, Neb.
Died, Grace E. Morehouse, 1882.
Born, Willie P. Hardman, Muscatine, Iowa.
Died, Willie P. Hardman, 1858.
Born, Joseph F. Hardman, Muscatine, Iowa.
Born, Mae E. Hardman, Muscatine, Iowa.
Married, Henry E. Barber, 1887.
Born, Mary Mabel Barber, St. Paul, Minn.
Born, Ruth Rosantha Barber, Minneapolis, Minn.

Record of names and dates of births and marriages of the children of Dr. Isaac Parker and wife (née Sarah Peel), who were married at Rich Square, North Carolina, in "Friends" meeting, 1792. Mabel and Ruth's great-great-grandparents.

Born, Mary Parker, 1793; died, 1885.
Married, Dr. William Farmer, 1827.
Born, John Parker, 1795; died, 1841.
Born, Nathan Parker, 1798; died in infancy.
Born, Rhoda Parker, 1800; died, 1814.
Born, Martha Parker, 1804; died, 1832.
Born, Jacob Parker, 1807; died, 1832.
Born, Abigail Parker, 1809; died, 1867.

Married, Dr. Smith Holloway, 1839; had four children; oldest daughter, Mary Holloway, living.

Record of the marriage of Dr. Wm. Farmer and wife (née Mary Parker), also their children's births, names, and marriages.

Married, on the 3d day of May, 1827, at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, Dr. Wm. Farmer and Mary Parker, after the order of "Friends" ceremony, which society they were both in membership with. Mabel and Ruth Barber's great-grandparents.

Born, Sarah P. Farmer, Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

Married, William Hoey, 1849.

Born, Isaac Parker Farmer, Richmond, Ohio.

Married, Susan Cornwell, 1866.

Born, Mary C. Farmer, Richmond, Ohio.

Married, Dr. Joseph Hardman, 1851.

Born, John Farmer (no children), Richmond, Ohio.

Married, Sarah ———, 1868.

Born, Jacob Farmer, Richmond, Ohio.

Died, Jacob Farmer, when 21 months of age.

Born, Martha Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Thomas Daily, 1862.

Born, Abbie A. Farmer (had one child), in Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Isaiah Winters, 1859.

Married, in Lisbon, Ohio, 1863, Parker Farmer and Susan Cornwell. Following are the births and names of their children:

Born, Mary C. Farmer, Lisbon, Ohio.

Married, Albert Wright.

Born, Johnnie Farmer; died at eight years of age.

Married, October, 1859, in Lisbon, Ohio, Isaiah Winters and Abbie A. Farmer. Following, the birth and name of their only child:

Born, Ida Mae Winters.

Married, Chas. Dean and Ed. De Witt.

Born to them, 3d of May, 1891, Merton De Witt.

Married, in Muscatine, Iowa, 1868, John W. Farmer and Sarah (last name lost).

Married, July 17, 1849, in Wellsville, Ohio, William Hoey and Sarah Farmer. The following are the births and names of their children:

Born, Mary Hoey; one child, Harlin Shoemaker.

Married, Milton Shoemaker.

Born, Wm. Hoey, 1852; died, 1897.

Born, Ella Hoey; died, 28 years of age.

Married, Chas. Fishell.

Born, Emma Hoey; died, 19 years of age.

Born, Abbie Hoey; died, 26 years of age.

Born, Anna Hoey, Clinton, Iowa.

Married, Albert Henry.

Born, Eva Hoey, Clarence, Iowa.

Married, Lawn Harding and McNamary.

Married, April, 1862, in Lisbon, Ohio, Thomas Daily and wife (née Martha Farmer). The following are the births and names of their children:

Born, Mary Daily, Lisbon, Ohio.

Died, Mary Daily.

Born, Mattie Daily, Lisbon, Ohio.

Born, Jessie Daily, Lisbon, Ohio.

Born, James P. Daily, Lisbon, Ohio.

Born, William M. Daily, Lisbon, Ohio.

Births and marriages of Dearman Williams and wife (née Mary Farmer), and children, great-aunt of Mabel and Ruth Barber:

Born, John Williams.

**Married, Amelia Bond and Sarah (last name lost);
two wives.**

Born, Rebecca Williams.

Married, Joseph Gidley.

Born, Sarah Williams.

Married, Amos Collins.

Born, Benjamin Williams.

Married, Fannie Collins.

Born, Keturah Williams.

Married, Rev. Collins (missionary in Africa).

Born, Edwin Williams.

Married (name lost).

Born, Mary Eliza Williams.

Died, Mary Eliza Williams.

Born, Rev. James Williams (Methodist minister).

Married, Alice Berkshire.

**Births and marriages of the children of James
Penrose and wife (née Rebecca Farmer), great-aunt of
Mabel and Ruth Barber.**

Born, William Penrose.

Married, Olivia Thompson.

Born, Mary Penrose.

Born, Sarah Penrose.

Married, Joseph Johnson.

Born, Meribah Penrose.

Married, William Pettit.

Born, Thomas Penrose.

Married, Hannah (last name lost).

Born, Rhoda Penrose.

Married, Thomas Gruell.

Born, John Penrose.

Married (name lost).

Births and marriages of James and Meribah Farmer's children, great-uncle to Mabel and Ruth Barber:

Born, Elihu Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Lydia Hoyt.

Born, Beulah Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Warich Price.

Born, Ellen Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Wm. Price.

Born, Lydia Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, John Painter.

Born, Laura Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Died, Laura Farmer.

Born, Elizabeth Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Albert Cornwell.

Born, James Farmer, Salineville, Ohio.

Died, James Farmer.

Births and marriages of the children of Dr. Wm. Parker and wife (née Anna Farmer), great-aunt of Mabel and Ruth Barber.

Born, Galen Parker, Salineville, Ohio.

Died, Galen Parker.

Born, Joseph John Parker, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Emma Brooks.

Born, Melanthon Parker, Salineville, Ohio.

Births and marriages of the children of John Moore and wife (née Keturah Farmer), great-aunt of Mabel and Ruth Barber:

Born, Melanthon Moore, Salineville, Ohio.

Born, Mary A. Moore, Salineville, Ohio.

Married, Dr. Ingram.

Born, Arthur Moore, Salineville, Ohio.

Births and marriages of the children of James Kibben and wife (née Rebecca Farmer), cousins of Mabel and Ruth Barber.

Born, Mary Kibben.

Married, Rev. P. P. Ingalls (of M. E. Church).

Born, Oliver and Walter Kibben (twins).

Married, Oliver (name lost).

Died, Walter, at 23 years of age.

Born, Prudence Kibben.

Married, Rev. S. S. Murphy (of M. E. Church).

Died, in Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, September 12, 1858, after a few days' illness, Dr. Isaac Parker. He was 89 years of age, yet his fine erect form and elastic step gave him the appearance of a younger man. In the year of 1810 himself and his large family of brothers and sisters with their families, his parents, his wife (née Sarah Peel), and eight children emigrated from Rich Square, North Carolina, to Mt. Pleasant, to be where they could not see the curse of slavery. Dr. Parker's home farm adjoined the village limits, where he had a commodious house. He became the pioneer of many improvements, and established with Joseph Gill the National Bank of Mt. Pleasant, of which he was president for many years. He was also engaged in a large milling business, and used his influence to establish the Ohio "Friends" yearly meeting at Mt. Pleasant. We will quote Congressman Peel's description of the church: "In this little hamlet of perhaps three hundred inhabitants stands an immense church, of unique design, capable of seating two thousand inhabitants or many times the whole number of residents of the village. It belongs to a denomination of Christians that

discards the fashions and 'haberdashery' of the world, and yet contains more of the essence of real benevolence, goodness, and pure religion than any other—the Society of 'Friends.'” Dr. Parker was the corresponding secretary of the yearly meeting and was at its head over fifty years. Living as he did, in such a large place in the society, the ministers from Europe made his house their home while visiting the Ohio yearly meeting, Joseph John Gurney, among them, he being the founder of one branch of “Friends” society. Dr. Parker always entertained largely, especially during yearly meeting week. His large medical practice, also that charity for all that thinketh no evil, greatly endeared him to the community. He lived to hear the orphans he reared and educated call him “blessed.” Dying at the close of the yearly meeting, an immense company followed his remains to their last resting-place in Short Creek cemetery. He left two children, Mary P. Farmer and Abbie Holloway, his wife dying thirty years before. Mt. Pleasant will greatly miss Dr. Parker’s genial face in its midst.

Died, in Cleveland, Ohio, June 9, 1856, John Farmer, at the ripe age of 79 years. In the year 1803 John Farmer and wife (née Mary Taylor) with two small children removed from Augusta, Georgia, to New Garden, Ohio, where they settled on a farm, preferring to work hard in a new State rather than remain in their birth-place surrounded by human slavery. Both were active members in the Society of “Friends.” John Farmer was an elder in the society all the latter years of his life. When his eight children were grown up, he moved to a large tract of land twelve miles from the

Ohio River, where Salineville now stands. The land had almost mountainous hills on it, filled with coal-beds, natural gas and salt veins. He owned large salt works, also opened several farms. Later, his sons, Wm. and James Farmer, worked for a charter and built the Pittsburg and Cleveland Railroad, of which James Farmer was president. The new road brought the coal into a ready market, thus giving John Farmer and children a valuable property, that seemed a just recompense for the hardships of his early life. His Georgian hospitality was shown by his great generosity in entertaining his friends, and it can be truly said of him that he died without an enemy. He was greatly beloved for his true Christian charity and pleasing manner. He had thirty-six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren at the time of his death, his wife having gone several years before him. He had removed to Cleveland with his son, James Farmer, only a few weeks before his death. A beautiful life and peaceful death.

John Peel and four brothers moved from Virginia to Rich Square, North Carolina, and bought large tracts of land. He married Mary Nazworthy, a Virginia heiress, much of her property consisting of slaves. After they united with the "Friends" society, their slaves were all set free, as a religious duty. John Peel thought he was more prosperous in "basket and store" after doing his duty—in not holding his fellow-man in bondage, although the cost of freeing them was very great at the time. He was an active minister among "Friends," and his wife an elder for many years. Their home plantation, one and one-half miles from Rich



JOSEPH L. HARDMAN, D.D.S.

Graduated from the Ohio Dental College in Cincinnati, 1888.

Square, was always the scene of great hospitality, better described by Shaftbury:

"Blessed is that spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire,
And every stranger finds a ready chair."

Ruth Parker Farmer, being the greatest grandmother on record of Mabel and Ruth Barber (the youngest members), emigrated from England in the year 1760, one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. She was a widow with four children; came to America with a colony of "Friends," or Quakers (as called), in times of great suffering from religious persecution. The colony settled in Virginia, where they established a Society of "Friends," of which Ruth Parker Farmer was a devout minister. After her settlement in America, she married Thomas Farmer, who also had fled from the Old World. He had been highly educated for a Catholic priest in France, where he was ready to take charge of a parish, when he became dissatisfied with his faith and emigrated to America, uniting with the "Friends" society before he and Ruth Parker were married. His step-son, Jacob Parker, when giving this history to his grand-daughter, Mary Parker (afterwards Farmer), said his adopted father made a kind parent to himself and sisters, and a good and loving husband to his mother.

NOTES OF THE LIVES OF OUR OLDEST ENGLISH ANCESTRY.

Sir Peter Parker never married; was born and died in England. Many of his family emigrated to America, which caused his entire fortune to be placed in the English "Court of Chancery," and thus lost to his American heirs.

Sir Robert Peel was born into the English Peel family several generations after the oldest American Peels emigrated from England.

John Farmer, second son of the Earl of Glendower, was a soldier; enlisted with Lord Oglethorpe in 1732, landed with his regiment at Savannah, Georgia, in 1733. Married in Augusta, Georgia; died prior to the Revolutionary War, leaving one son, William Farmer, who served in the Revolutionary War with General Sumpter; came home at the close of the war, and was shot down in his doorway by Tories. The Farmer family also had honorable mention during the reign of Charles II.

We find the following notice in the *Cleveland Leader* of the 3d inst. of the death of the late Mrs. Mary P. Farmer (mother of Mrs. Dr. J. Hardman, of this city), accompanied with an interesting account of her as an earnest anti-slavery worker in Ohio at an early day:

MARY P. FARMER.

DEATH IN IOWA OF A WOMAN ONCE PROMINENT IN THE ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATION IN OHIO.

Mrs. Mary P. Farmer died at Clarence, Iowa. October 15, 1885, aged ninety-two years. Mrs. Farmer was



MARY PARKER FARMER.

Aged 90 years when taken.

the daughter of Dr. Isaac Parker. She was born in North Carolina in 1793. In 1808 her father removed to Ohio, and settled at Mt. Pleasant. In 1827 Mary Parker was married to Dr. William Farmer, of Salineville, Ohio. Dr. Farmer died in 1858, and shortly thereafter his widow moved to Clarence, Iowa, where she has since resided. Mrs. Farmer came of vigorous ancestry, and she remained mentally and physically active until the time of her death. For many years her own and husband's beautiful home had been the post to which the fugitive slaves were indeed happy when they could reach its hospitable precincts to be cared for and protected from their often pursuing masters. It will be remembered that Dr. Farmer's house was on the main line of what was known in the time of slavery as the "Underground Railway," and their hospitable home was ever open to all anti-slavery and temperance workers. Dr. Farmer often labored in the lecture field in the cause of the slave and for temperance. Among the most prominent workers who visited their home are the names of Abby Kelly, I. Foster, Theodore Parker, Sojourner Truth, Frederick Douglass. The doctor and wife also aided in the purchase of Fred Douglass' freedom, also in his college education, they being members of the American Anti-Slavery Society. And it was to their home that the widow and orphan of Lovejoy were brought to regain health after the terrible shock of seeing husband and father shot down before them by a mob, for no other offense than editing an anti-slavery newspaper.

In the Twilight of Christmas Day, 1885.

Dedicated to Sara F. Hoey.

I see our mother's face and form,
The snow-white crown her head adorn;
Her beaming eyes of azure blue,
Emitting light from Heaven through.

I hear her footsteps in the hall;
I hear her voice, familiar call,
Its accents sweet this burden bore—
On earth I'll hear its tones no more.

This was a strangely solemn day,
I tried to while its gloom away,
And wandered 'round her rooms in vain,
For one I hope to see again.

She was so very active, bright,
With memory good and second sight,
Enjoying life as can but few—
At the ripe age of ninety-two.

Though she had far o'erreached the span
Of years allotted here to man,
We trusted she could longer wait,
When Heaven opened wide the gate.

And she passed through, far out of sight,
Leaving us 'lone this Christmas night,
Listening, longing, 'mid the gloom
Of the twilight hour in her room,

For mother's greetings on this day,
Her own birth anniversary;
She and her Savior had the same,
Is why she bore His mother's name.

Though our *great loss* did move us so,
The fatal day that laid her low;
Yet we find comfort while we weep,
Assured a rich reward she'll reap.

The spirit-winged, the golden light
Of other years I see to-night;
And may her guiding star be mine!
Her life, so good, and true, be thine!

M. C. Hardman.

Muscatine, Iowa.

Dear Mabel and Ruth Barber:

Remembering my promise to tell you a story in the "Genealogy Book" of some little children your own age, I will keep my promise by telling you of the time your grandfather and I lived in Canton, Ohio, in the years 1853-54. Your Aunt Ida Hardman (our first little girl), was just one year old when we moved there. We lived on South Market Street, in Mr. Goodman's house. We remember yet how he joked your grandfather by saying to him, "A Goodman giving his home to a Hardman," yet he rented it to us, and found the Hardman to be a good man. Mr. Goodman was an uncle to little Ida Saxton, then seven years old, and lived across the street in her father's home. She and her sister often came into our yard to play with your Aunt Ida, who was so frail and fair that when they played she was a "fairy queen." It almost seemed real, if we had known at that early day that little Ida Saxton would some day marry Wm. McKinley, and he would be President of the United States, and she would be the "first lady of the land," as she is now, we would be better able to describe her as a little girl. I can remember her sweet face best when she placed a lovely wreath of snowdrops on your Aunt Ida's white coffin, that herself and her cousins, Emily, Anna, and Mary Goodman, had wreathed because Ida loved the white snowdrop bush at our door. A short time after Ida's death, your grandfather and I moved to Iowa; then we were six



MABEL AND RUTH BARBER.

hundred miles from Ida's little grave. Some rainy days in our new home so far away we felt like your Aunt Edna did when your baby cousin, Mildred, died—that

The rain might trickle down softly,
To make green the grassy nest,
If it did not awake the sleeper
So far from her mother's breast.

When we would hear a whisper tell us that Christ said,
"Suffer little children to come unto me."

And we know the "good Shepherd,"
Carries the lambs as He said,
In His bosom, sweetly sleeping,
Our angel Ida *is not dead.*

My dear children, we have told you quite a long true story. Will close and take this to the publishers, as they are waiting for this page to put into the book. Farewell to you both until we meet again.

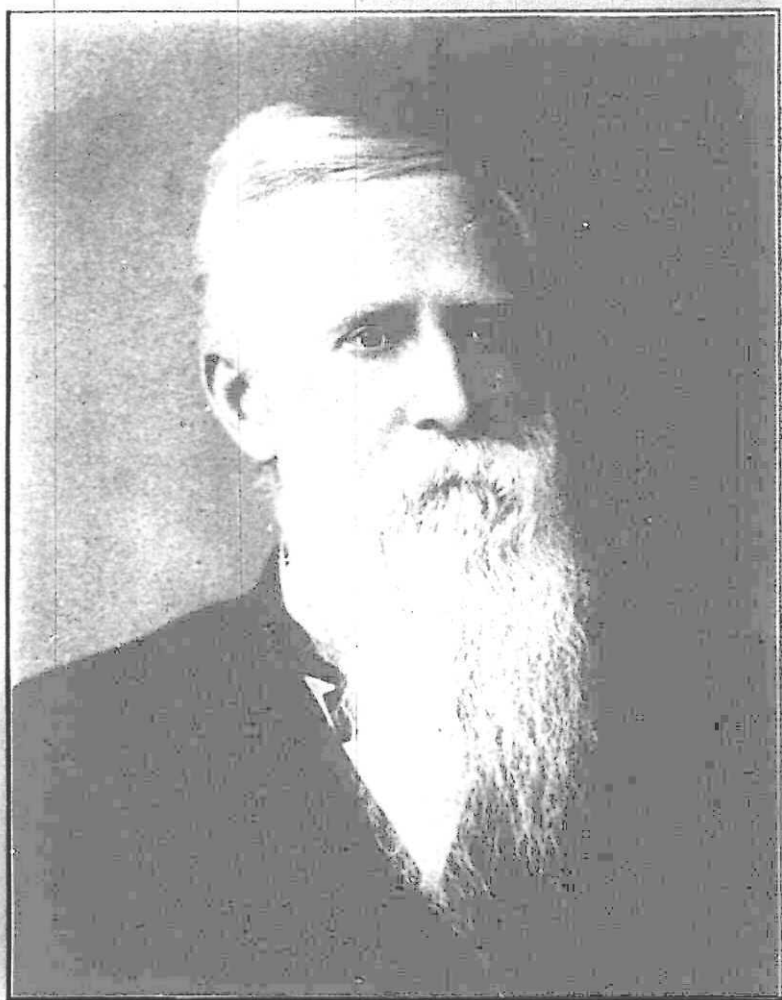
Affectionately, from your
Grandmother Hardman.

Kansas City, Mo., December 2, 1897.

Note from an Essay on "Woman's Work in Dentistry," by Dr. S. A. Garber, Secretary of the Iowa State Examining Board.

"For the past ten years women have been taking front rank in dentistry; most of them are graduates from dental colleges.

"We have one woman in mind at present writing who is without a parallel in woman's work in the profession: The late Dr. Hardman's wife, while carrying on the large office practice her husband left so suddenly, also took the great responsibility of the proprietorship of Hardman's Superior Amalgam and White Alloy, and entered the American Dental Trade Association, making a success in a pecuniary way, showing two facts—her great business tact, also that 'Hardman's Alloys have no equal.'"



DR. JOSEPH HARDMAN, M.D., D.D.S.

In Memoriam Dr. Joseph Hardman.

From the Western Dental Journal, Kansas City, Mo., June, 1890.

"The month of May, 1890, will be long remembered as one of sorrow to the dental profession throughout the United States, in that it chronicles the death of one of the most talented and exemplary members. Dr. J. Hardman died at his residence in Muscatine, Iowa, on the morning of May 8th, aged 65 years.

"Dr. J. Hardman was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, July 16, 1824. His youth was spent on his father's farm. At fifteen he entered college at Ellsworth, Ohio. His tastes were always in the direction of medicine. When through college he attended a course of study at the Cleveland, Ohio, Medical College. An asthmatic trouble compelled him to abandon the practice of medicine, a most fortunate circumstance, insomuch as it turned his attention to the study of dentistry, and gave to the profession a devotee of which it has always had reason to be proud. Emigrating to Iowa in 1855, he located in Muscatine and remained there up to the time of his death as one of the best known and most respected citizens. His skill and culture in the practice of his profession reflected itself throughout the entire State. It was at his office that the Iowa State Society was first organized. His zeal in everything relating to the interests and advancement

of dentistry was untiring, and he was always ready both with pen and person to do battle in its behalf. As a contributor to its literature he was active and forcible. He was largely influential in the establishing of the Dental Department of the State University; also in the passage of the Dental Law of Iowa in 1882, in recognition of which he was commissioned by Gov. Sherman as a member of the State Examining Board, of which he continued president until his death. In recognition of his devotion and eminent ability, the Ohio College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery.

"Dr. Hardman was proprietor of Hardman's Superior Amalgam and White Alloy, both his own invention for filling teeth, which he had on the market for thirty years at the time of his death. He also invented all the machinery with which he prepared his alloys while manufacturing them."

In noticing the death of Dr. Hardman, the *Muscatine News-Tribune* says:

"It is as a citizen, neighbor, and friend that Dr. Hardman made the proudest and most enduring record of his life. As a member of the Muscatine school board he rendered invaluable service to the cause of education. Dr. Hardman's special penchant outside of his professional studies was a taste for natural sciences, and as one of the founders of the Muscatine Academy of Science, no person stood before him in personal devotion to the society, the charm and value of his contributions, or the love and esteem of its membership. Dr. Hardman was not in membership with any church, yet his high standard of Christianity is difficult to attain.

He ever practiced that true religion—looking after the best interests of the widow and fatherless.

No home in our city was hallowed with sweeter and purer domestic virtues and happiness, and none surpassed it in the riches and charm of its hospitality. The hearts of its multitude of guests, and of all who came within the spell of its friendships, share in deepest sorrow the bereavement of her who was the dual grace of the noble life just closed.

"Well may the dental profession, of not only Iowa, but the entire world, feel proud to honor the memory of such a man as Dr. Joseph Hardman."

From the Des Moines Capital.

"Dr. J. Hardman, of Muscatine, one of the best known dentists in the State, is dead. Dr. Hardman had several times been president of the State Dental Society. He had long cherished the hope of securing legislation in Iowa to regulate the dental practice, and had laid before the twenty-second General Assembly a bill for that purpose a few weeks before his death."

ADDRESS OF DR. J. HARDMAN ON RETIRING FROM THE PRESIDENCY OF
THE IOWA STATE DENTAL SOCIETY.

"Gentlemen of the Iowa State Dental Association:

"We are happy to meet once more and greet each other with a hearty and social welcome. To join our united efforts in elevating, finishing, and beautifying our chosen and beloved profession. With gratitude in our hearts, we enjoy this social and scientific reunion of celebrating our eighth anniversary, with the evidence of increased vigor, zeal, and determination. And it is truly refreshing to behold the bloom of physical

and mental health so manifest in each brother dentist, an evidence that industry, temperance, a knowledge of the laws of health and a large share of kind feeling must be individual characteristics.

"Gentlemen, by our constitutional limitation, the term of office to which you so kindly elected me now expires. In retiring from this honorable position, I use no affectation in saying that for your manifestations of kindness and indulgence toward me during our deliberations I tender you most heartily my acknowledgments. For these courtesies and the distinguished honor paid me I will ever cherish as bright recollections in my life.

"The annual recurrence of these association meetings, so replete with social and professional reunion, will ever warm our hearts with generous emotions, and awaken within each of us a renewed spirit, energy, and courage in the duties of our vocation. We meet to tell over our trials and triumphs, our joys and our sorrows; to tell of our failures and our successes, of our wants and our gains. We here can freely 'have all things in communion'; can seek here amongst our brethren convened for refreshing help, sympathy, and encouragement; replenish our minds with new and useful ideas connected with the dental profession.

"Gentlemen, since I took this position to which your confidence elevated me, we have advanced in life's journey one more year; which adds that much time to the past, but our future usefulness is reduced precisely that same period. How short this term, yet how pregnant with admonitions and rejections to us all! Many of you are young and full of hope. You can dwell with minds filled with happy anticipations of the future

march of life. I would not detract an atom from your reverie, but if I could, I would spread your pathway with the sweetest and richest of flowers, would increase the rays of knowledge an hundred fold, and multiply your days in strength and honor to a ripe and blessed old age.

"My duties as president of this society are ended. Whatever of failures you have seen in me forgive; whatever of good, remember. We have labored harmoniously and pleasantly together, and in yielding this position may I express the hope that the future of this society may be brighter than the past; that the spirit of harmony may dwell among you; that your achievements in scientific research may be attended with abundant success; that your history may be brilliant with noble accomplishments, distinguished for consistency and virtue, and such as shall merit and command the admiration and respect of the age."

Not Dead, but Gone Before.

Lines Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Morehouse.

Sorrowing parents, from whose home and heart

A child has been taken,

The dark-winged messenger, whose cruel dart

Has left you quite forsaken;

Oft it will be, you will questioning say,

"Why is it thus with me?"

Why has our bud unbloomed, our blossom shed

From off the household tree?

Why is there grouped around our neighbor's board

Many a fair young head,

While we think of our little Gracie's grave,

And mourn our precious dead?"

He alone knoweth, who your tears can count,

He who smites not in vain,

Nor in un pitying sternness doth afflict

With sharp, unneeded pain.

They come who tell you of His right to take

The blessings that He gave;

'T is but hard counsel for a bleeding heart

Beside an open grave.

If our great Father, in whose tender care

And pity we would trust,

Cares for us in our human griefs and needs,

Knowing we are but dust;

If He a gift has given, 't is ours forever,

For what He gives, *He gives*,

And looks with yearning and compassion ever

On every heart that lives;



GRACE EVA MOREHOUSE.
6 years of age.

And if our treasures disappear from sight,
If He must bruise us so,
'T is but to make them purer and more bright
Till we to them shall go.

By all the love your anguished spirits know,
By all God's promises,
A child once cherished by a parent's love
Their child forever is.
By all the pain that brought her into birth,
By all the tears she cost,
Your precious child, though now no more on earth,
Is still your own, *not lost.*

So count her still your own, the little feet
Entering not at your door;
The little voice which you cannot hear
You yet shall hear once more;
The fair young face just vanished from your sight,
Call her your darling still;
Banish the gloom and doubt of sorrow's night
And trust your Father's will.

THE ROMANCE OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK'S LIFE.

The Identity of His Unknown Love at Last Disclosed.—The Missing Poems of Their Correspondence Discovered.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, assembled at the house of a friend in that village to "watch the old year out." The incoming year was 1836—leap year. Amid the merriment of the occasion, some one suggested that the ladies should avail themselves of the privilege which it brought, and open a correspondence with different gentlemen, mentioning, among others, the bachelor poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck. The proposal was passed by as a jest, but in a few minutes it was noticed that Miss Abbie Flanner, a young lady of much talent and vivacity, was missing from the party. Quietly bidding good-night to her friends of the house, she had slipped out and gone home alone. The ground was covered with snow that sparkled in the moonbeams. Walking along slowly, scarcely noting the beauty of the scene around her, she meditated a poetical epistle to Fitz-Greene Halleck, and, reaching her room, sat down and wrote the following:

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

The Merry Mock-Bird's Song.

O'er fields of snow the moonlight falls,
And softly on the snow-white walls
Of Albi Cottage shines:
And there beneath the breath of June
The honeysuckles gay festoon,
And multiflora twines,

And forms a sweet embowering shade,
Pride of the humble cottage maid,
Who now, transformed and bold
Beneath the magic of a name,
Those equal rights presumes to claim,
Rights urged by young and old.

And who is she, to fame unknown,
Who dares her challenge thus throw down
Low at the feet of one
Who holds a proud, conspicuous stand
Among the magnates of the land,
The muse's favorite son?

As when she roamed a careless child
To pluck the forest blossoms wild,
Oft climbed some pendant brow
Of rock or cliff, to gather there
Some tempting flower that looked more fair
Than all that bloomed below,

So now, like Eve in Paradise,
Though numerous offerings round her rise
Of love and friendship bland,
With many a sober blessing fraught,
Would give them all for one kind thought,
One line from Halleck's pen.

* * * * *

Like that fair plant of India's fields
That most when bruised and broken yields
Its fragrance on the air—
Such is the heart I offer thee,
Pride of my country's minstrelsy!
Oh, is it worth thy care?

She signed this Ellen A. F. Campbell, incorporating her initials with the name of Scott's Lady of the Lake, and forwarded it to the poet.

In those days of slow coaches, much time must necessarily elapse before a response could be received, and it is but natural to suppose that during the interval buoyant hope and lively thought alternated with misgivings and doubt as to the reception of her letter.

Perhaps when the first glow of adventurous feeling passed, she half regretted her action and felt the natural shrinking of a woman's heart from offering itself unasked, even in jest.

And when at last the long looked-for, hoped-for packet arrived, with what trembling eagerness she must have opened and read it.

TO ELLEN.

The Mocking-Bird.

The Scottish border-minstrel's lay
Entranced me oft in boyhood's day;
His forests, glens, and streams,
Mountains and heather blooming fair;
A Highland lake and lady were
The playmates of my dreams.

Years passed away; my dreams were gone;
My pilgrim footsteps pressed alone
Loch Katrine's storied shores;
And winds that winged me o'er the lake
Breathed low, as if they feared to break
The music of my oars.

No tramp of warrior men was heard;
For welcome-song or challenge-word
I listened, but in vain;
And, moored beneath his favorite tree,
As vainly wooed the minstrelsy
Of gray-haired "Allan Bane."

I saw the Highland heath-flower smile
In beauty upon Ellen's isle;
And couched in Ellen's bower,
I watched, beneath the lattice leaves,
Her coming, through a summer eve's
Youngest and lovellest hour.

She came not; lonely was her home;
Herself of airy shapes that come,
Like shadows to depart.
Are there two Ellens of the mind?
Or have I lived at last to find
An Ellen of the heart?

For music like the borderer's now
Rings round me, and again I bow
Before the shrine of song,
Devoutly as I bowed in youth;
For hearts that worship there in truth
And joy are ever young.

And well my harp responds to-day,
And willingly its chords obey
The minstrel's loved command;
A minstrel maid whose infant eyes
Looked on Ohio's woods and skies,
My school-book's sunset land.

And beautiful the wreath she twines
Round "Albi Cottage," bowered in vines,
Or blest in sleigh-bell mirth:
And lovelier still her smile that seems
To bid me welcome in my dreams
Beside its peaceful hearth.

Long shall I deem that winning smile
But a mere mockery, to beguile
Some lonely hour of care.
And will *this* Ellen prove to be
But like her name-sake o'er the sea,
A being of the air?

Or shall I take the morning's wing,
Armed with a parson and a ring,
Speed hill and vale along,
And at her cottage-hearth, ere night,
Change into flutterings of delight,
Or (what 's more likely) of affright,
The merry mock-bird's song?

Accompanying the poem was a short letter in which he thanks her for her beautiful lines. "Though they did not seriously intend to make me a happy man, they have certainly made me a very proud one."

He asks her to accept a copy of his poems "in consideration of the beauty of its type and the vastness of its margin," and closes thus:

"I am, dear Miss Campbell, very gratefully, or, if you are in good earnest, as I very much fear you are not, I am, dearest Ellen, very affectionately yours,

"Fitz-Greene Halleck."

The heroine of this story was a cousin of Mary P. Farmer.



MARY C. FARMER.
Taken when 19 years of age.

Marriage Notice taken from the New Lisbon *Aurora*.

Married, in New Lisbon, Ohio, on the 17th of July, 1851, by Rev. A. O. Patterson, Dr. Joseph Hardman, of Ellston, Ohio, to Miss Mary C. Farmer, daughter of Dr. Wm. Farmer, of Salineville, Ohio.

An unclouded sun shed brightest rays on the lovely bride and manly groom of to-day, as they entered at high noon the ample double parlors of Dr. Wm. Parker (the bride's uncle), attended by Lewis Vail, of Washington, D. C., Miss C. Ikirt, Dr. I. Ikirt and lady, of Ellston. Over fifty guests filled the rooms to witness the marriage. The bride was beautifully attired with a cream figured silk lace dress, over organdy, a misty flowing veil caught with orange buds above the brow; the lady attendants were also robed in fleecy white, all together forming a fairy scene.

While the *Aurora* reporter viewed the wedding ceremony to-day his thoughts were carried back several years when he read in the columns of the *Aurora* a poem, by Alonzo, addressed to to-day's bride, which is so befitting the happy occasion that we reproduce it in connection with this notice:

TO MISS M. C. FARMER.

I knew her when the dawning years
Of childhood decked her circling brow,
When like the rose just budding clear,
Her charms were but a promised show.

Her image waxed both bright and fair,
As days and months rolled ceaseless on,
Her heart was buoyant as the air
And radiant as the morning sun.

I knew her well in youth's bright days,
A floweret still more fair she grew.
The rose-bud sipped the noonday's rays
And burst her hidden charms to view.
Her face, her form, her graceful mien,
Have captured many a lover's heart;
Here 's *three times three* to him who gains
Her life-long love, till death doth part.

Alonzo.

September 23, 1847.

DIVIDED.

"I cannot reach thee, we are far, so far
Apart who are so dear! Love, be it so;
Else we might press so close we could not grow.
One doth deny even this so sweet, a bar
For fear our souls' true shape should suffer mar.
Ah! surface sundered, yet do we not know
A hidden union in the deeps below,
An intertwining where the strong roots are?
Wise husbandmen plant trees, sweetheart,
A space between the trees; but after soon or late,
High in the sunny air their spreading boughs
Reach forth and meet. In some celestial place,
When thou and I are tall and fair and straight,
We shall clasp hands again—if God allows."

The following lines by M.C. Hardman accompanied a berry-spoon given to D. B. Morehouse and bride on their wedding-day, June 12, 1873:

May berries fine for years of time
This spoon in drafts full strong
The youthful twain in health sustain,
In life and vigor long.

The Reply.—Compliments of D. B. Morehouse and bride to Mrs. M. C. Hardman.

With much delight our thanks we write,
To our thoughtful friend and true,
And as we eat, we'll oft repeat
Our thanks and thoughts of you.

To our kind friend we would extend
A hearty invitation,
For her to eat all berries sweet
From spoon on our plantation.

Incidents Amusing and Sad, at an "Underground Railroad Station," of which Dr. Wm. Farmer and Wife were Proprietors, Over Fifty Years Ago, Given by Their Daughter, Mrs. M. C. F. Hardman.

Published in the *Lisbon (Ohio) Republican*, 1895.

The yawning chasm which existed thirty-five years ago between the North and South has been bridged over, so that we can go to either side with a loving hand-clasp of cordial greeting and kindest sympathy. We will therefore, with your permission, give the history of a few interesting events which occurred at the home of our parents. Connected with these incidents were a number of the most eminent men and women among anti-slavery workers of those early days. For thirty years our home was perhaps the most prominent station on the main line of the "Underground Railroad," which led from the Ohio River to Canada. There male and female, of every age and shade of color, strong and frail, came and went. The slaves named our place "Beautiful Pine Hill Station."

It was situated on the site where Salineville, Ohio, now stands, known in early days as "Yellow Creek." The stream there derived its name from the muddy appearance of its waters in times of freshet, when it grew to a foaming torrent, carrying everything

before it in its onward way to the mouth of Big Yellow Creek, four miles beyond. When in its normal state its waters were placid and clear as a crystal, evolving a low, musical murmur that still vibrates on our ear as in the long ago, when we wandered through the romantic pathways of its lovely shores, and listened to the notes of the feathered songsters, who seemed trying to vie with each other in sweet unison with the rippling waves at our feet.

At night the bubbles of natural gas (which was at all times escaping through the water from the creek-bed), when lighted, rendered the scene still more enchanting.

Our grandparents were born and reared in the extreme South. Being "Quakers," in order to get away from slavery, they removed North when our parents were children. When, years after, they married and settled on their Ohio farm, they possessed every convenience with which to aid the fleeing fugitives to freedom. Nor did they hesitate to leave their latch-string out to the sable, homeless pilgrims of those dark days, despite the fugitive slave law, the Northern spy, and the Southern human bloodhound, all of which tried at different times to defeat them in their noble work.

Anti-slavery lecturers came to and departed from our home as suited their convenience. Among them were the late Hon. Frederick Douglass, who was yet a slave, and doubtless was

The instrument, in God's wise plan,
To pluck away the thorn
That festered in the heart of man,
Causing the slave to mourn.

And, while his chains were slipping
In rusty links away,
He prayed for those still weeping
In abject slavery,

With each new day and morrow
Bending beneath the woe
Of that unmeasured sorrow,
Only a slave could know.

My first recollection of Douglass visiting at our home was in the year 1842. We had been in attendance at an anti-slavery convention at Salem, and at its close our father invited him, in company with the other speakers from abroad, to come to our home and rest, before disbanding for their several fields of labor and duty. Among them were Steven S. Foster, editor of the *Brotherhood of Thieves*, and Abby Kelly, who afterward became Foster's wife, and was making industrious preparation for the happy event while at our house. The other workers were Parker Pillsbury, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Benjamin Lundy, Sojourner Truth, and Elisha Lovejoy's beautiful wife, who had come to our home several weeks before to improve her broken health, caused by the great shock produced by her husband's murder at Alton, Illinois, for editing an anti-slavery paper.

Our father sent carriages to Salem to convey the guests to our home among the "pine-clad hills." It was a pleasant drive, through lovely scenery on every side, and as they traveled over hill and dale, each one expressed himself as rested and refreshed by the journey, declaring they all lived anew amid the exquisite grandeur by which they were surrounded.

At this rural hamlet, at the time of which we write,

our honored guests were wont to abide for weeks at a time, planning for their future work.

This was before coal-mining became a great industry, despoiling the beauty of the natural scenery.

During the summer and early autumn months the flowers and foliage of many different trees, shrubs, and vines were out in their most lovely attire, sprinkled as they were all through the vast circle of pine hills, that reared their proud heads to a majestic height.

Far around the slope on every side the effect was that of one vast bouquet, arranged for a lovely panoramic view; while the whole was reflected in the clear stream flowing over Nature's smooth flag-stones for its bed, and laughingly winding its way around the hills like a ribbon of silver through the valley below.

The densely covered hills, with their natural shelters of huge overhanging rocks, coal-banks, etc., often served to secrete slaves from their pursuing masters. It became a proverb, that when once slaves landed at Dr. Farmer's station, there was little use looking for them.

Afterwards our father procured the charter for the Pittsburg and Cleveland Railroad, and upon its construction, three years later, found a more convenient way of transporting slaves, by sending them in close box cars to Lake Erie, from which point they were crossed over to Canada. This ended the responsibility of finding trusty drivers that no moneyed reward could tempt to betray their charge, as was sometimes done.

On that summer evening of which I have spoken, our guests, after partaking of a six o'clock dinner, with one accord assembled in the front yard to devise ways

and means for future work. One of these was to further a plan to aid in young Douglass' education. They had listened to his thrilling speeches at the recent convention, and were reminded that he needed to be well equipped for the battles of public life that they foresaw in his path.

In Douglass' prophetic way he often declared, "The slave will never be freed but through bloodshed," which prophecy was fulfilled twenty years later in the great conflict between slavery and freedom. While our father and his guests were thus planning for his education, they hardly dreamed that in the fluent-tongued mulatto slave they were sending forth a master workman, who would before many years take such an active part in the breaking away of human shackles. At that time "Northern Disunion" was considered by these guests to be the most efficient way to abolish slavery. Reader, there was never a greater reminder that

"God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Douglass at that early day had a very interesting presence; and when warmed in debate his words of fire, while pleading the cause of his down-trodden race, stirred to the depths every element of sympathy in the human heart.

Later in the evening, when the company had assembled in the parlor, they were joined by Mrs. Lovejoy, and here we witnessed a pathetic scene never to be forgotten. Some of our guests had been her husband's co-workers in the cause that lay so near to the hearts of every one present. While receiving their greetings she wept bitterly, and evidently it was Lundy's sympathy

for her which caused him to remark, "Slavery makes us weep tears of blood."

During the evening Wm. Lloyd Garrison (editor of *The Liberator*) related many of his exciting experiences; among them, that he had been dragged through the streets of Boston by the hair of his head.

Abby Kelly told how often her audiences forgot that she was a woman, and threw "evil-scented eggs" at her person. Sojourner Truth, once a slave, thought "the Lord would work it out in His own way; but she intended to help Him by working right along beside Him until every slave was free." It was indeed made a memorable evening by the little band of noble freemen engaged in a most noble cause.

When warned by the family clock of the lateness of the hour, they had said "good-night," but while yet in the lower hall, the gentlemen were accosted by "Uncle Jimmie" (an old slave our father was treating for some ailment before sending him North), who politely invited each gentleman to allow him to "shine his boots." While complying with his kind request, they inquired of him why he had run away from his master. "Dat becasse de new missus gone tole oberseer whip dis nig for nuffin. De ole missus good to us niggers; she gone died, and massa gone got a new missus." Some one asked "Uncle Jimmie" if his master took a bridal tour when he was last married. "Dunno as massa took a bridle to de new one or not, but I knows he took a strap to de ole missy, for he nebber got on wid her nohow." At that moment peal after peal of laughter shook the house. Jimmie looked up in surprise, quite innocent that he had been the author of a pun.

One week later, on the evening of the last day our guests were with us, while all were seated around the front door and yard, they were attracted by the sight of two long covered wagons with the front ends tightly drawn together, so that no idle curiosity could intrude. They wound their way up the road and halted at the barnyard gate. By former experience, our father knew at once that the wagons were filled with slaves sent to him from the "Judge George station," ten miles south of us, and hastened at once to the spot, and received a note from Judge George, which read:

"Dear Doctor: We think it best that these negroes should be sent to Hanover station to-night. Lend the drivers, who are trusty, fresh horses, which they will return by daylight to-morrow morning."

There had been a slave girl stolen from the George station a short time before; hence his advice to hasten the sable party northward. The wagons were driven into the barnyard, the covers loosened at one end, and one by one the slaves, men, women, and children, thirty in all, alighted. As our father escorted them through the garden (which lay between the barn and yard), he informed them that all the people about the premises were their friends, after which they seemed at ease, and took their seats on the rustic benches, arranged in the yard for the purpose of serving them a hasty meal before starting them on their up-hill night journey.

After attending to the horses, the hostler went to the foot of one of the lowest terraces at the creek's edge, to light the natural gas well, as was always done in time of a late moon. While he is on his way we will give its history to the reader:

Our grandfather, John Farmer, had bored successfully for salt many years before in several localities, but the result of his labor on this one was to open a large vein of natural gas, in which he inserted a tube that carried the light fully sixty feet from the ground. We at once accepted it as a God-given blessing to our home, as, when it was lighted, we could see as in the day. The force of the gas often threw up gravel and small stones, water-spray, etc., which would fall for quite a distance around.

Only those of our readers who have heard the mighty and terrific roar of a natural gas well can comprehend the sudden deafening ~~sound~~ as the flame shot up into the air when first lighted on that eventful evening. Stones and water reached the spot where the ebony party stood.

With the sudden roar and glaring blaze of the gas breaking upon the twilight song of the whippoorwill as he flew to his wildwood home in the pine hills near by, the poor, frightened negroes fell on the ground as though shot, calling on the Lord and all around them to save them from their masters. They were sure they heard them calling from the hill-side to "whip-her-will, just like he always did to de oberseer." They thought the stray stones were thrown at them, and in their benighted superstition imagined the blaze and roar to be the fires of torment, which their masters had often told them, if they ever ran away, would soon overtake them.

Reader, the scene was not unlike some of Dante's descriptions of the damned. Their bodies were lying prostrate on the ground, their black faces upturned, showing their white eyes and teeth gleaming in the

lurid glare of the gaslight; the outcries of the adults and children, together with the noise of the roaring elements, produced a combination of noise better imagined than described.

It was fully an hour, with all hands to the rescue, before peace could be restored among them. They were finally assured that they were among friends, who would not allow them to be molested in any way. Douglass turned to the guests and said, "Poor creatures! slavery has made them cowards."

After their meal was served, they seemed contented, but gave an occasional glance toward the hill-side. They willingly complied with Douglass' request to entertain the company by singing some of their plantation songs. After the gas had been turned off to give place to the moon, which had stolen up from behind the hills and shone full on their almost inspired faces, they sang, grouped together in the middle of the yard. Their full, rich voices rang out in grand concert. The echoes, which seemed like some weird Æolian harp, had scarcely died away before the singers had once more entered the wagons to pursue their night journey, wiser at least in the knowledge of a burning gas well and the plaintive night-bird's song.

They departed, taking with them the kindest wishes and many admonitions from the company, added to our father's usual benediction to departing slaves, "To never forget the right and to abstain from all intoxicating liquor, and all would be well with them in the North."

After the wagons had disappeared over the hill above our home, we, with our guests, sat down to a late

dinner, and while surrounding our father's hospitable board they held an animated discussion as to the future means of freeing the slaves. The events of the evening seemed to have stamped deeper on each heart the wrongs and curse of human slavery. When our guests bade us adieu on the following morning, it was with renewed energy and a full determination to go forth and battle for the great cause they had each espoused. They vowed that never until the search-light from the Northern Star should penetrate each and every Southern State to the freeing of the slave, would they cease to buckle on their armor and agitate for the freeing of the nation; while ever and anon they would call to their brother sentinels, on the lookout from the high towers of freedom's cause, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Kansas City, Mo., March 21, 1895.

Died.

At Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, August 16, 1877, Mrs. Abbie A. Winters, aged 35 years.

Funeral from the residence of Dr. J. Hardman, Sunday, at 3:30 o'clock p. m. A general invitation is extended.

Mrs. Winters was a daughter of the late Dr. Wm. Farmer, of Salineville, Ohio, and Mary P. Farmer, now of Clarence, Iowa, and sister of Mrs. Dr. Hardman, of this city. Deceased was born in Salineville, Ohio; moved to New Lisbon, Ohio, with her parents, in 1857, and was there married to Mr. Isaiah Winters. A lovely daughter was born to them one year later—Ida Winters—now a young lady sixteen years old.

Abbie Farmer, as she was familiarly known, was a gifted and lovely girl, much respected for her many graces and piety; she showed at an early age more than usual culture and intelligence, and was ever ready with some word of comfort and cheer for the afflicted. She united with the Methodist Church when 16 years old, and was a devoted Christian, often expressing her love in her Redeemer's cause. As a word of comfort to the mourning friends, we know of nothing more befitting than to quote from her own lines composed at an early age on the death of a dear friend:

"One in heaven, the dear departed."

Death of Dr. Farmer.

Communicated.

The citizens of New Lisbon were shocked last Monday (March 8, 1858), on hearing of the sudden and unexpected death of Dr. William Farmer. Two hours before his lamented death, he was in the full enjoyment of his usual good health. Some time after dining he complained of slight indisposition, retired to his bedroom, and threw himself on the bed. Very shortly after his wife went to the room and found him a corpse.

A very large circle of friends and acquaintances will be pained to hear of Dr. Farmer's death, and will deeply sympathize with his afflicted family. He was one of Nature's noblemen, of unexceptionable character, of high-toned morality, unassuming manners, amiable disposition, and pleasing address, making all with whom he became acquainted his fast friends; he had withal a strong, vigorous, and highly cultivated intellect, which distinguished him in all the relations of life. For more than thirty-three years, he has been a practicing physician, thus adding to the well-studied theory of his profession a ripe experience, giving him a widespread reputation as a skillful physician, to which he was eminently entitled. For nearly a quarter of a century he resided in Salineville, Columbiana County, Ohio.

The Doctor was about fifty-eight years of age.

Gone to Rest.

Dr. J. Hardman has just received the sad intelligence of the death of his revered mother. She was in her ninety-fourth year and was a resident of eastern Ohio, where she has spent a long and active life. She, with her husband, Daniel Hardman (whose death occurred in 1867), emigrated from Virginia and settled in Columbiana County, Ohio, in 1804, when all was a dense wilderness around them. All the hardships attending pioneer life to those who settled in the wilds of untamed Nature's forest were before them.

Mrs. Hardman was the mother of a large and vigorous family. Six children still survive her. She had at her death thirty grandchildren, forty great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. She lived and died upon the same farm she so nobly helped to improve and beautify, and during this long period of seventy-six years enjoyed the constant and warm friendship of an extensive circle of acquaintances. She passed away without an apparent pain or struggle—so peacefully sank in full maturity to unsullied rest. May all have their labor as well done.



MRS. H. E. BARBER, née MAR E. HARDMAN.

Wedding Bells—Barber-Harhman.

As the *Journal* goes to press the wedding bells are musically pealing from the Hardman mansion on East Fifth Street in celebration of the marriage of Miss May Eugenia Hardman, of this city, and Mr. Henry E. Barber, of St. Paul. It is a wedding *en famille*, the invitations scarce going beyond the circle of the intimate academicians and neighboring friends of the family, besides those winging their way to relatives and guests from abroad; and the *Journal* is excused in anticipating the happy nuptials, in its columns, in behalf of the host of bridal friends in the city who will delight to participate, typographically, in the beautiful ceremony, and to join in the *Journal's* expression of good wishes that will accompany the bridal party on their evening's journey.

The ceremony is announced for 4 o'clock, and will be conducted by Rev. H. E. Wing. A hymeneal arch of evergreen, embroidered with flowers, and having for its crest the floral letters "B" and "H," supported by tiny white wax hands, spans a recess in the south parlor. To the music of the Wedding March, performed by Miss Henrietta Wing, the wedding procession will leave the candidates at this bridal altar, where the nuptials will be solemnized.

The congratulations which follow will be fervently

spoken, and may be as gladly echoed in the hearts of a multitude of Muscatine friends.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Hardman, among the highest esteemed of our long-time residents, and also the daughter of Muscatine, which has cherished her from her youth, for a gentleness and beauty of character only equalled by the fairest of personal graces and accomplishments.

The groom represents the best young manhood of St. Paul, a gentleman, in pride of character and person, and manly ability, worthy of the sacred confidence of the hour. He is the superintendent of Philip Armour's establishment in St. Paul, and has been for years the trusted agent of Mr. Armour.

With the happiest of auspices for their future, Mr. and Mrs. Barber leave this evening for their new home.

Among the guests from abroad are Mr. Bert Barber, of St. Paul, brother of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morehouse, of Kansas City, sister and brother of the bride; Mrs. Anna Parker, of Chicago; Miss Lilly Pettit, of Minneapolis; Miss Lilia Penrose, of Burlington; Miss Rebecca Johnson, of Grinnell; and Miss Edna Dennison, who arrived home last evening from Iowa College, the Misses Penrose and Johnson accompanying her from the college.

The beauty of the bridal presents and the elegance of the wedding collation can be left to the imagination of the reader. The groom's emprise in carrying off so beloved a daughter of Muscatine renders it all the more imperative for the Santa Fé to give our city direct communication with St. Paul.



EVA D. HARDMAN.
Taken when 18 years of age.

A May Wedding.

There are diamond weddings, golden, silver, and crystal weddings, but that of yesterday—was it not a May wedding, taking its beauty from the fountain of youth, and its radiance from the loveliest month in the year? In the branches of the tree where we sit a bird is singing a song so full and gladsome that we are quite positive it is telling us a wonderful story about this wedding, and how it should be described, could we but get its meaning. As the bridal procession entered the church, the little singer above us must have been present, for it is caroling to us the same joyous melody that rang out in full orchestra from the swaying branches where we stood—a benediction from beautiful and harmonious Nature upon the fair maiden and her lover, supplementary to the blessing of Holy Church.

Leaving the birds to their hymeneal glee, we enter the church as the procession reaches the altar. Here the beautiful flowers of May emit their fragrant incense, vying in their lovely carnation with the blushes of the responsive bride. It was a picturesque tableau—the priest in robes, the youthful candidates, the attendant bridesmaids and groomsmen, the bride's parents and the ushers completing the altar group, the pews and aisles of the church crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city, careful to lose not even the faintest

syllable of the ceremony. We thought of the birds and wondered if they really knew how beautiful was the scene to which they had volunteered so mellifluous a *Gloria*.

From the church the scene was transferred to the bride's old home, whither one of the largest private parties ever assembled in our city followed the bridal procession. Possibly it should be stated for whom the birds were singing, and the beautiful flowers were swinging their fragrant censers, and why the city should be out in its most fashionable toilets, and the sun should scatter the clouds for the fairest day in May. It was Eva Hardman's wedding. So sang the birds; and they sang also of him who won her, known to us all, a Morehouse, nephew of the captain whose residence so royally commands the Mississippi that all who pass are only too happy to strike their flag to its hospitable commands.

S. S. Morehouse, Esq., and his fair bride returned from their wedding-tour last evening. The young couple are welcome home. Although but a short time a resident of this city, Mr. Morehouse has made many friends and all will be pleased to show the same friendship for his partner, Mrs. Morehouse. The beautiful and accomplished bride is thrice welcome to our city, her future home, and may she be pleased with her surroundings.—*Nebraska City Press*, 4th.

Married, at Salineville, Ohio, October, 1850, by Rev. Jemerson, Andrew McIntosh and Mercy Thompson.

Although hundreds of miles distant, and forty-seven years have passed since the above wedding, yet we see in retrospective view the lovely white-robed bride and the honored groom as they stood side by side, surrounded by their attendants, Robert Milner and Mary C. Farmer, the latter attired like the bride in fleecy white. We have often thought, while the congratulations from the numerous guests were given to the bridal party, that accidentally four hands must have been crossed, and the old-time omen once held its own, that three more weddings would soon take place, as the entire company that stood with bride and groom at the altar were married within a short period of time, Robert Milner setting the example; even the officiating minister, Rev. Jemerson, soon taking to himself a wife, and the writer also following suit in the near future. If it were possible for the echoes of either of the last three wedding-bells to catch a sad note from the sighing winds through which they passed, causing a "lost chord" in the music of any heart they reached, it surely has been found, re-echoing as it does in the afterglow of forty-seven years the same full-toned melody of that one October day, with its lovely tinted leaf and vine, in beautiful contrast with the green of the stately pines around which they were entwined, falling like a benediction and covering all with a mantle of purity—the

**"beatiful snow" glazing a bridal wreath on Nature's
brow in seeming honor of the happy occasion**

**May my old-time playmate and her good husband
live to hear their "golden wedding" bells ring out amid
the merry chimes of the year nineteen hundred, is the
sincere wish of her bridesmaid.**

M. C. H.

White Bear Lake and Surroundings.

By M. C. H.

Read before the South Side Literary Club, Kansas City,
Mo., April 9, 1895.

While listening to a warbling song,
A bird gift, to a merry throng,
With clearest note, and perfect time,
He sang, "White Bear" is all sunshine;
And to his caroling melody
Each heart responded joyfully,
And hasten now to cast their lot
With all who seek "earth's garden spot."

We've journeyed far in every clime
To find where Nature's most sublime—
Seen what inspired the bards of old
For us their muses to unfold—
Have trod on gulf and ocean sand
In many a fair and foreign land—
And viewed "Golconda's diamond store"
And sunny Italy o'er and o'er—
Have traveled oft on Erin's isle—
And floated down the river Nile—
Been rocked o'er belle Ohio's wave
And live where Mississippi lave:
Yet come to thee, fair northern gem,
And place the victor's diadem
Upon the beauties of "White Bear,"
Transparent Lake, beyond compare,
So picturesque—to nature true—
A moving panoramic view;
Her silvery waves in sunlight glow,
And many boats glide to and fro;
And here her star-lit sky of blue
Is from the Lake reflected too.

While sailing 'round thy shores of green,
The Island shows a fairy scene,
All dotted o'er with villas gay,
Making a rich and grand display;
With fountains dancing in the air,
And growing plants, so fresh and fair,
While blooming o'er the pebbled way,
Well watered with the sparkling spray
And the wavelets ebb and flow
Sounding music soft and low,
Like some weird Æolian harp
Or distant tones of morning lark;
'T is here the soft and muffled strain
Cheers the heart and soothes the brain;
All hail! to this abode of rest,
Alike the rich and poor to bless,
Oft retold by pen and tongue,
A heaven on earth for old and young.

While we near the western shore
Of "White Bear Lake," we gaze once more
Commanding a view of "Ramaley Park,"
Her tallest oaks, of green and dark,
Towering high, so proud and free,
Waving aloft majestically,
Overlooking all her hills and dales,
The Lake and Bay's widespreading sails,
And nodding to the lovely flowers
So luxurious in her bowers,
Forming the sweetest scented shade,
Pride of the "Ramaley cottage maid,"
Who oft enjoys the gay festoon
When lighted by the rays of moon,
(For here her lover's eyes so true
Speak more than words can ever do;)
And each vine, shrubs and trees
Are ever fanned by gentlest breeze
From the Crystal Lake so near,
With mirrored surface ever clear.

Roaming afar the wide world o'er
Like "Persia's idol" worshipper,
We come to thee to bow once more

And seek a home upon thy shore,
Where pleasure, peace, and plenty reign,
Near rolling fields of waving grain,
And sister cities—famed afar—
Each one a brilliant northern star—
Connect "White Bear" by double rail
And run daily trains of mail,
Laden with their human freight
From early morn till midnight late.

Here on a sun-kissed turf of green
A grand hotel will soon be seen,
One hundred thousand dollar plant
They to the public ever grant,
Then the electric light's white glow
Will over all a halo throw.
Hunting, boating, bathing, fishing, all,
In distance near twin cities' call,
Only a short twenty-minute ride,
As all can see by "Ramaley guide";
Which now invites the world to come
And choose with us a pleasant home
In her park—so passing fair—
And breathe from Lake the purest air;
Insuring all the greatest wealth
Of keeping and restoring health.

P. S.—To these grand scenes, so rich and fertile,
We invite the South Side Reading Circle
To hold an annual session there,
And *enjoy* the beauties of "White Bear,"
Leaving all worry and care behind
In searching pleasure of every kind,
Amid the scenes where our story laid.
Your hostess then will be truly paid
To witness the pleasure for each in store,
While we explore both lake and shore.
And when at fall of evening's tide
We'll take the famous six-mile ride,
And see for yourselves if it be true
What we've written about the view.
Ladies, we hear you say, while you behold,
"The half to us has not been told."

Acrostic.

[Original:]

Died, at 1 o'clock this morning, Willie Parker, infant son
of J and M. C. Hardman, aged 9 months and 14 days.

LINES TO THE MEMORY

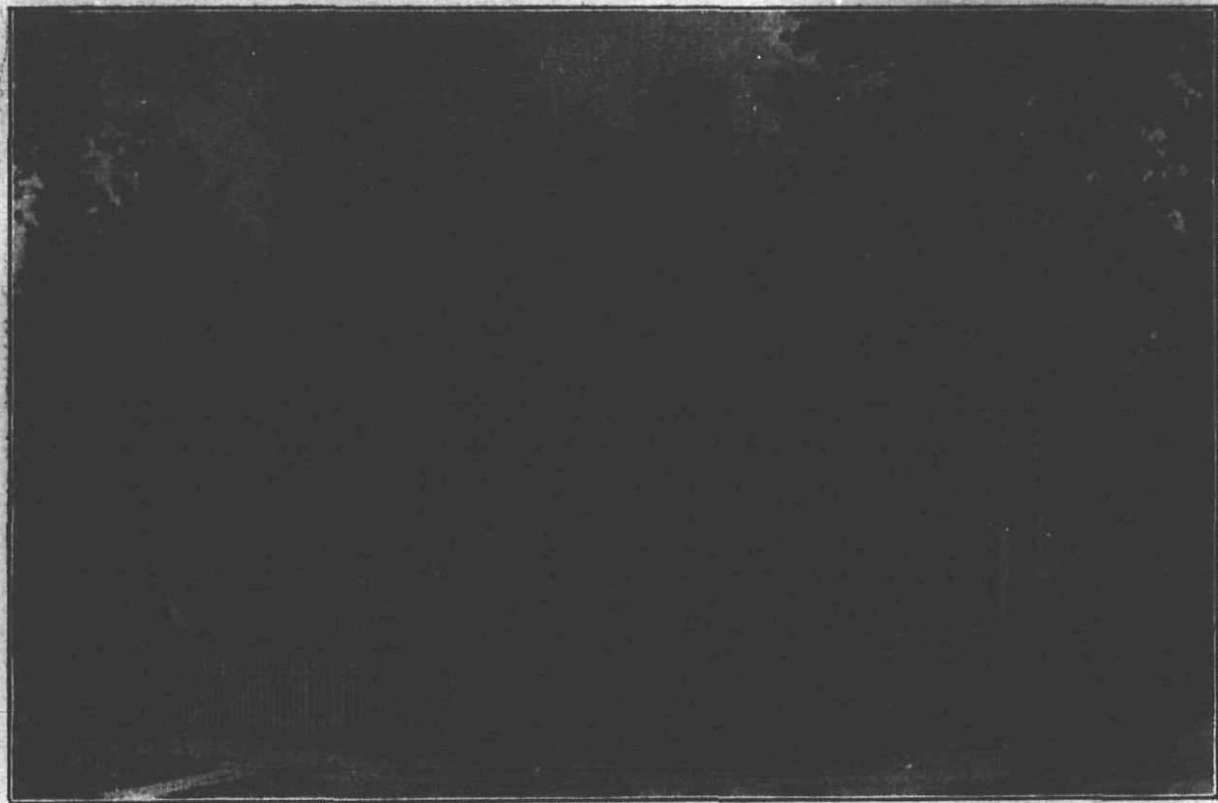
Oh, sweet, lovely child! hath thy spirit passed
Far distant from the vale of sin at last?

With saints in Heaven doth now thy pure voice raise,
In gentlest accents, an immortal praise?
Life hath given up its being—thou art gone!
Love lit thy passage to the silent tomb;
In its dark valley now thy feet have trod—
Earth's mortal child, *immortal* now of God!

Passing, Death stole softly o'er thy face;

How bright each feature glowed with new-born grace,
And on thy brow angelic beauty lay
Revealing how calm that life had passed away!
Departing day spake sadly of thy doom—
Meet emblem of thy fate, *loved, cherished one*—
And like its gentle sunset was thy close;
Now calm—how *peacefully* in death's repose.

Abbie.



DR. AND MRS. HARDMAN'S HOME IN MUSCATINE, IOWA

From the verandas of their home can be seen the beautiful sunsets Mark Twain immortalized in his book "on the Mississippi Valley." "He has seen sunsets in every clime, in the Old World and New, but never one so glorious as hallowes the departing day at Muscatine, Iowa."

To Miss Lillian Pettit

ON RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO HER MARRIAGE WITH
FRED B. ROWE.

There is a charm in every name,
Let it be friend or foe;
And who can blame Lillian P——
To change her name to Rowe.

Take "e" from "Rowe" and Row remains,
For matrimonial seas;
And may the music of your oars
Float gently to the breeze.

God keep you both in perfect trust,
Amid the ebb and flow,
Merrily gliding, side by side,
Calmly onward row.

Through every changing scene of life,
Cheerfully, happily, go;
You'll find it better far to sail
With two aboard to row.

So you will never drift ashore,
With sea storm's hardest blow;
Nor with the oft incoming tide,
While you your life-boat row.

And may you span the longest time
Given to man below,
Count more than threescore years and ten,
Before you cease to row.

At last when anchored into port,
In holy lighthouse glow,
Then you've reached that *haven of rest*,
For all who safely row.

M. O. Hardman.

Muscatine, Iowa, October 24, 1888.

Croquet.

For the Journal.

Of all the games there are to play
There's one I love the best,
It is the game of lawn croquet
I choose from all the rest.

On every pleasant summer day,
In some cool grassy yard,
O let me join with those that play,
And all its rules regard.

Oft I think of the games of life,
While through this world we march,
As each keeps up a steady strife,
Trying to run each arch.

And when we send our foes away
I think of the golden rule,
That's never taught within croquet
Or other gaming school.

But then, you know, while in a play
It's not regarded wrong
To give our foes a hard croquet,
And help our friends along.

It is a healthy exercise
For body and for mind;
But, alas! the time, how swift it flies,
In games of every kind!

But oft when worn and weary, too,
With work and constant care,
'T is then we long for something new,
The mind and heart to cheer.

Then, after all, the time 's not lost
While playing at croquet,
Nor do I think we feel remorse,
Though playing every day.

I pray, young friends, that you beware,
And all the arches make,
Before you ever do declare
You 're ready for the stake.

For it has grown to be a law
To watch both friend and foe,
So we can tell by one small straw
Which way the wind doth blow.

And of some other rules I 'd speak,
Before I close this rhyme;
One is, to help each other keep
Our temper all the time.

Remember when you take your stand
To play an honest game,
The ball strike always with one hand,
Have others do the same.

Muscatine, Iowa, June 9, 1885.

Lines Suggested While in Our Court- House Park.

By M. C. H.

For the *Tribune*.

It is here our man
Of marble stands
In memory of those who bled
To save the land
From tyrant hand;
Honors to our noble dead.

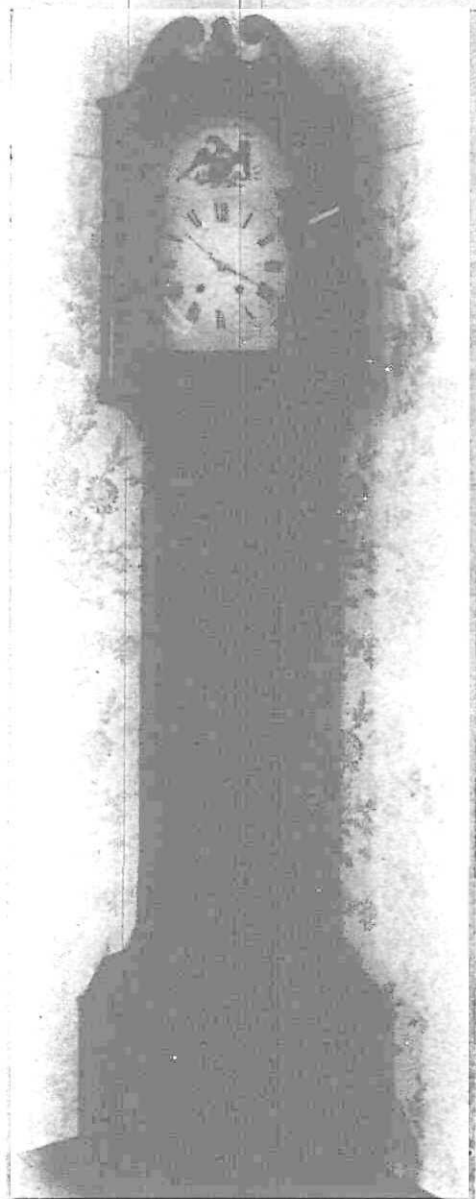
And high in air
Our goddess fair,
Erected on the steeple;
Reminding all
Our county's hall
Deals justly with the people.

Our county seat
Will be complete
When that promised fount is flowing,
On left and right,
With waters bright,
Their crystal jets bestowing.

A new sidewalk,
That none can mock,
And iron fence around,
And rustic seats
For cool retreats,
Placed in the shaded ground.

Then who can boast,
With merrier host,
Of a City Park than we?
A beautiful yard,
With soldier guard,
And fountains sparkling free.

Muscatine, September 7, 1878.



MARY P. FARMER'S CLOCK,
Seventy-five years old.

Ode to My Mother's Clock.

Our tall, stately timepiece—"of antique fame"—
With its full round face, and its bird's-eye frame,
Stands like a monument for all to see,
That grand old relic of our family tree.
It brings up the past, and the absent ones dear,
With all the fond memories of peace and good cheer,
Which tell of kind parents, long since passed away,
Of brothers and sisters in youth's active play.
It spoke out the hour on the morn of our birth,
And shadowed our cradle where it stood by the hearth,
And ticked a sweet lullaby near where we slept,
And we leaned on its case to guide our first step,
And while counting its strokes we first learned to talk.
All hail! to this time-honored, steeple-like clock,
Still ringing out blessings of that happy day,
When we hallowed the home in bridal array.
Long years since those days, yet we still see the time
On the face of this old-fashioned treasure of mine.

M. O. F. Hardman.

November 19, 1894.

High-School Literary.

There was excellent quartette singing, a fine recitation by Miss Lizzie Mackey, and a beautiful song beautifully rendered by Miss May Hardman.

Academy of Science.

We cannot close this brief report without making special mention of a beautiful song by Miss Hardman, rendered with much sweetness and listened to with delightful attention. Miss Hardman's selection was a piece entitled "Longing," by Harrison Millard. The fair vocalist was accompanied by Graude's Juvenile Orchestra.

An Old Lady Gone.

Mrs. E. S. De Witt returned Saturday evening from Clarence, Iowa, where she had been called very suddenly and unexpectedly, occasioned by the death of her aged grandmother, Mrs. Farmer, who left Cedar Rapids only two months prior to the time of her death, after a visit of three months' duration with Mr. and Mrs. De Witt. Mrs. Mary P. Farmer was a remarkable lady, possessing all her powers and intellect to the last, at the advanced age of 91 years. She had her second sight, was able to read for the last few years without the aid of glasses, and could read the finest print. Her memory retained all its former activity, carrying her back to many reminiscences of childhood, that many a younger one would have long since forgotten.

A Valentine.

To MISS M. HARDMAN.

I date this at Tabor Town;
It is a place of much renown;
My office is on Center Street,
Where dental work is done so neat;
Two years less than eighty-nine,
The evening of St. Valentine.
For your pleasure I propose
To write in rhyme instead of prose,
So if you find my rhyming tame,
The muse, not I, must bear the blame.
This is the eve when lovers may
Write to those who are far away,
And even more their love declare
And change their hearts at Cupid's Fair.
Now this Fair is a mighty mart
To traffic nothing but the heart;
But there are some, so I've been told,
Who traffic hearts for sordid gold.
Though many a one with it may part
When wounded by young Cupid's dart,
Yet no one sorrows if they've lost
This heavenly treasure to their cost,
If the finder will impart
The sympathy of a loving heart.
With great caution and with care
All should traffic at this Fair,
For when once the heart is sold,
Tho' its value's more than gold,
It can never, you're aware,
Be re-sold at Cupid's Fair.
Now be cautious, look with care,
There are many at this Fair
Fair in actions, fair in speech,
Tho' they may the gospel preach,
Tho' charm the ear, please the eye,
Fair as angels from the sky,
Their secret actions, they are vile,
And their hearts are filled with guile,

Their vile hearts' only intent
Is to betray the innocent.
Yet there are some, a very few,
Who all that's evil will eschew,
Pure in heart, with guarded tongue,
Too conscientious to do wrong—
To one of these may you impart
The warm affections of your heart.
With one such may you spend this life,
And be a true, confiding, lovely,
Conscientious, affectionate, sincere,
Kind, peaceful, and contented wife.

Yours,

J. F. S.